

PABLO NERUDA

POET OF THE PEOPLE



MONICA BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY

JULIE PASCHKIS



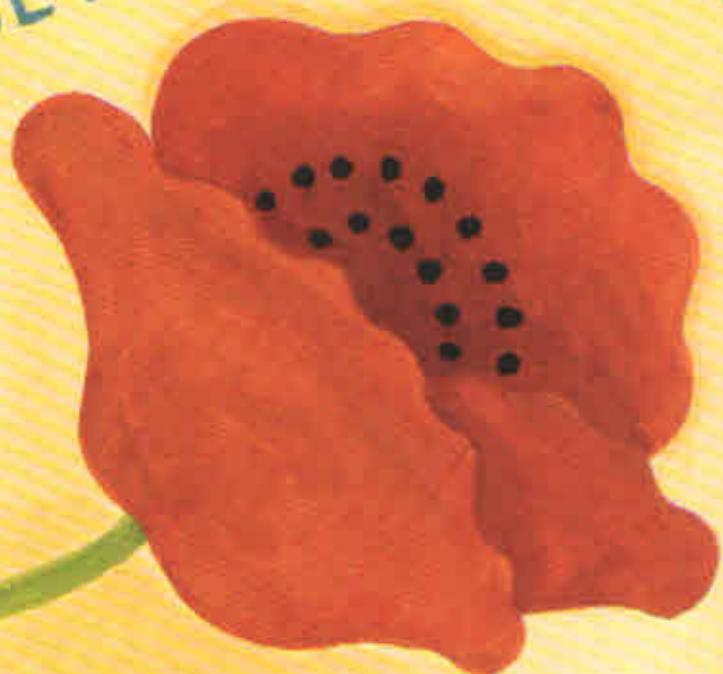
SUBIR
SOON
SOÑAR
RAZÓN
RAÍZ

LUMINESCENT
SENSE
NETS
NEFTALI
LAUGHTER
LA LUZ
AZUL
LIBRARY
LOCAMENTS
PARRAL
PALMA
PABLO
PARRAL
PARRAL



PABLO NERUDA

POET OF THE PEOPLE



MONICA BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY

JULIE PASCHKIS

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
NEW YORK



Henry Holt and Company, LLC
Publishers since 1866
175 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10010
mackids.com

Henry Holt® is a registered trademark of Henry Holt and Company, LLC.
Text copyright © 2011 by Monica Brown
Illustrations copyright © 2011 by Julie Paschkis
All rights reserved.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Brown, Monica.

Pablo Neruda : poet of the people / Monica Brown ; illustrations by Julie Paschkis. — 1st ed.
p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references.

ISBN 978-0-8050-9198-4

1. Neruda, Pablo, 1904-1973—Juvenile literature. 2. Poets, Chilean—20th century—
Biography—Juvenile literature. I. Paschkis, Julie, ill. II. Title.
PQ8097.N4Z593 2011 861.62—dc22 [B] 2010025320

First Edition—2011

Printed in China by RR Donnelley Asia Printing Solutions Ltd., Dongguan City, Guangdong Province

7 9 10 8 6



For Emma, Ollie, Brooke, and Zach

—M. B.

For Joe—my fellow traveler

—J. P.



ONCE there was a little boy named Neftalí,
who loved wild things wildly and quiet things quietly.



From the moment he could talk, Neftalí surrounded himself with words that whirled and swirled, just like the river that ran near his home in Chile.

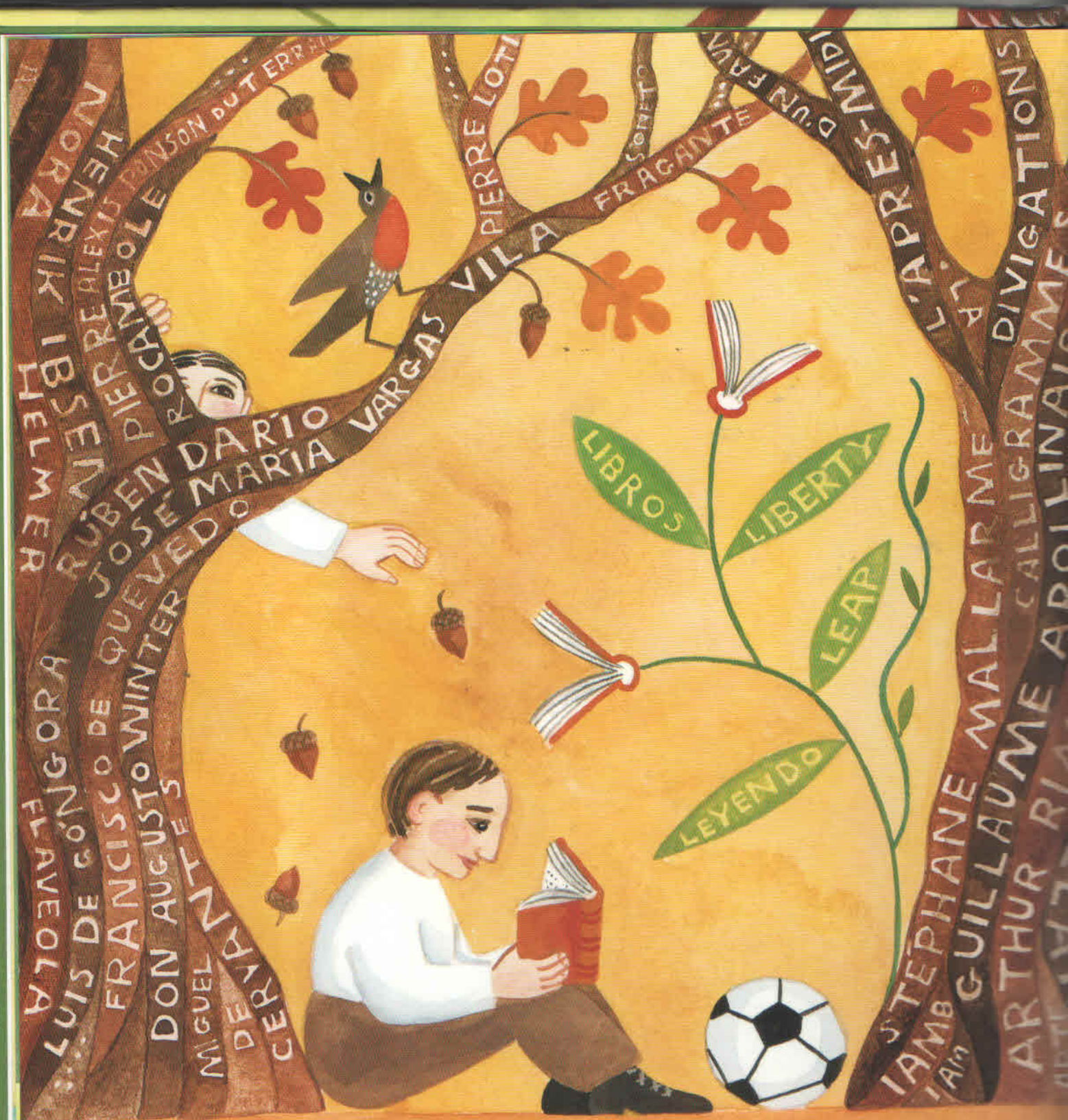


Neftalí loved to play in the forest, ride horseback,
and swim in the river with his friends.

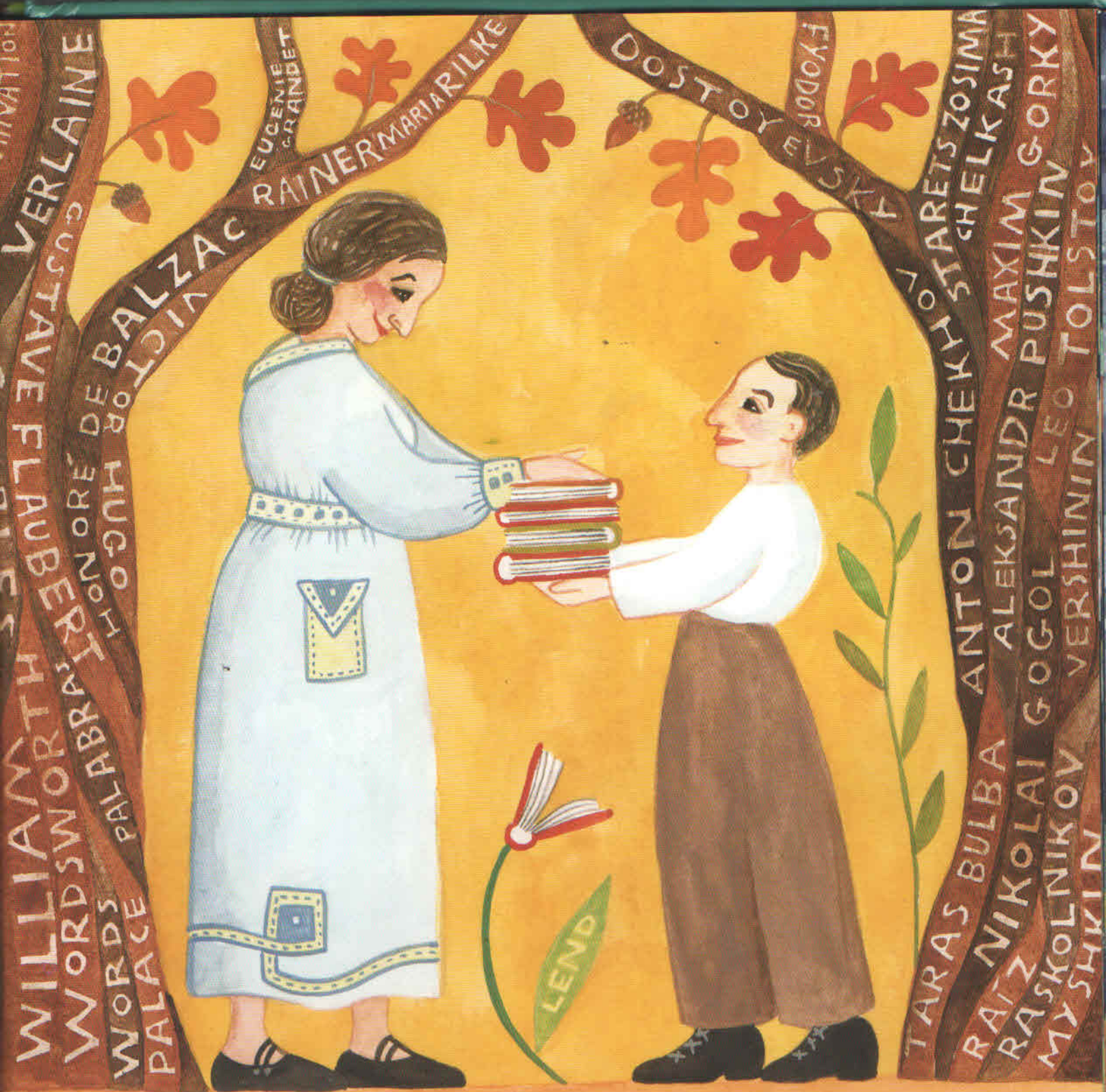
Neftalí's father was a train conductor, and sometimes
he would take his son with him on the train.



Whenever the train made a stop, Neftalí would run off into the forest to search for beetles and birds' eggs and tall ferns that dripped water like tears.



Neftalí wasn't very good at soccer or at throwing acorns like his friends, but he loved to read and discover magic between the pages of books.



A very special teacher named Gabriela Mistral gave him wonderful books from faraway places, and Neftalí decided he wanted to be a writer too.



When he was a teenager, Neftalí changed his name to Pablo Neruda and began publishing his poems. He always wrote in green ink—the color of the ferns in the forest and the grass beneath his feet.



Pablo moved to the big city of Santiago and met other writers. Together, Pablo and his friends walked the streets wearing great black capes and tall hats. They talked about books and shared their poems with all who would listen.



He wrote about scissors and thimbles and chairs and rings.

He wrote about buttons and feathers and shoes and hats.

He wrote about velvet cloth the color of the sea.



Pablo loved opposites, so he wrote about fire and rain
and spring and fall.



In the streets and with his friends, Pablo saw joy and sadness, so he wrote about both.



He wrote about stones tumbling down the mountaintops
and stones in the hands of the stonecutters.



Pablo loved the sea and the feel of the sand beneath
his feet.

He loved walking along the beach, near his home in Chile.



He found starfish and seaweed, red crabs and green water. He saw dolphins playing in the surf and rusty anchors washed ashore.



Pablo wrote about the children who played in the sea foam
and the sand, skipping stones and chasing waves.



He wanted each child to share in Chile's wealth and hope.



Pablo had many homes. One was in Spain, half a world away. This home was called the House of Flowers, because of the red flowers blooming from every corner.

The House of Flowers was always filled with dogs and people young and old.



Because above all things and above all words, Pablo Neruda loved people.

Pablo loved mothers and fathers, poets and artists, children and neighbors, and his many friends around the world. He opened his arms to them all.



When Pablo saw the coal miners working dangerous jobs for little money, he was angry. When he saw that they were cold and hungry and sick, he decided to share their story.



He joined those who fought for justice and wrote poems
to honor all workers who struggled for freedom.

Even when his poems made leaders angry, he would not
be silenced, because he was a poet of the people.



When soldiers came to get him, Pablo hid in the homes of friends and then escaped on a horse over the mountains of Chile.

